

Poetry Series

Mrityunjay Jha
- poems -

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Mrityunjay Jha(04-17-1982)

2013: An Ode!

The Bell Tolloed
The Midnight Becomes Like A Dawn
Full Of Lights n Sounds
Not The Sun That Brightens The World
But,
The Firecrackers n The Mad Cries Of Hope n Joy.

Time Changes
Moves
Stumbling Through The Passage Of Human Deeds
Leading Our Hopes Into An Another Space
That's Just Begun
And,
Pushing Our Memories
Into Some Dark Alleys
Of What We Call The Past.

Time Stands Still
And,
Let Humans Move n Jump
From One Territory To Another
With A Frenetic Pace
Bothering Little About The History
Only Hoping
For Some Improvisations
Some Steps Forward
With Excitement
And,
Fever.

What Changes Did We Count
That We Have Ever Caused
Except A Continuous Downward Spiralling
And,
An Ever Increasing
Log Of Memories

Guilt Ridden
And,
Infertile.

The Space That We Dwell Under
Has Become
Barren n Blotted
And,
The Time That We Live With
Has Become
Wounded n Withered

With One More Year
We Might Hope
We Will Change
For -
The Better n The Beautiful!

.....

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Mrityunjay Jha

A Mirror

Amid Priorities
In Life And Art
Amongst The Many
Who Are Very Own
Inside The Self
Of One's Own
Life Is Beating Down
Life Is Seeking Renown

Between
Memories And Desires
Falls A Shadow
Dark And Impregnable

We Live In Shadows
We Are Condemned To Be A Spy Or A Chaser Of Shadow
Countless Yet Only One

Where There Is No Shadow
There Is No Life
Light Is
Because Shadow Is
Life Is
Because Shadow Is

Our Bodies May Have Language
Conveying Things
That Our Tongues Can't

But
Our Soul Has No Language
It Exists In
Surrender And Silence

A Mirror Has No Speech
Only Reflections: Impartial And True

To Be Judgemental In Life
An Act
Of
Utter Ingratitude!
Existence Whispers
In Silence

Memories Ruffle Feathers
A Few And A Far
Desires Born And Die
In Solitude
And
With A Sigh

Mrityunjay Jha

A Soliloquy!

Heavy Hives Of Lost Moments
Always Knocking
The Gate Of Memory
Open! Open!
Let The Treasured Time
Spill Out
The Precious Slides
Of History: Personal And Delicate
Alas
The Lost Era
The Joy Of Love
The Tickling Agony
The Timeless Times
The Reckless Courage
The Untamed Desire
The Hide And Seek
The Envious Solitude
The Motion And Movement
All Have Gone With The Winds
Of Time
And,
The Passion No Longer Takes Flight
This Is The Lament And The Plight
Memory Burdened
Under The Weight Of Time
The First Kiss
Is
Always Stolen
The Rest -
Merely A Mockery

.....

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A World View!

The Map of Our World Looks
Pretty/
In The Pages of Books We Read
Or Just Have A Glance/
But, The Real World That We
Reside In/
Is Scarry Every Bit/
Ravaged By
War, Diplomacy, Dogmas And
Dynamics of Power/
A Nation Implodes Or People's
Hope Explodes Into Ashes/
Like Their Homes/
Leaving Their Native Land For
Living Alive/
Across The Border/
Erasing Identity In Search of
Food And Shelter/
Memories of Their Homeland
Their Singular Distraction/
When Life Turns Mere An Act of
Forgetting/
Living And Dying Loose Their
Distinction/
Blood Spills On The Grounds
Where Children Used To Play/
The Only Sign Schools Display Is
Those of Bullet-marks/
The Map of Our World Is Left With
Only One Thing To Notice/
The Saddest Eyes of Children! /

Mrityunjay Jha

An Obituary To A Love!

It Is Not
That I Didn't Notice
The Shaking
Or,
Had Been Oblivious
To The Tremors
Of It!
But,
The Time And The Manner
Came As A Blow!

Of Course
There Are Ways Of
Saying Goodbyes!
Though You Have Your Own Choice!

Suddenly,
Love,
Once More,
Becomes,
A Casualty!

.....(II)

Was There Reason
Some Or Any
For The Sake Of Satisfaction?
To Me,
It's Beyond My Grasp!
What About You?
Let Me Suspect The Same
For You!

.....(III)

Love
Come And Go
Belying
All Logic And Longevity!

Defying
Explanations -
Each And Every!

.....(IV)

Who Says: -
There Is No Love Like The First Love!
For Me,
It Has Always Been The Last!

Again
Life Is Torn
Between
Bygone Bliss And Guilt Ridden Existence!

.....(V)

Do You Feel The Same?
At Least
For Certain Consolation
Let Me Fancy This!

The Ruins Of A Splendid Monument
Is Always Haunting
However With Some
Tempting Fascination!

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Anxiety And Inertia!

Things Change
So Do People!
From
Fixity To Freedom
Life Looms!
People Prefer
To
Maintain
Status Quo
Amid Anxiety To Move
Ahead In Life!

What Was Yesterday
Today Not
Never Will Be
The Same Leaf
Tomorrow!
The Cycle of Life
Goes On
What Remains Etched
Is
Keeping Pace With It!

Who Wants Change
Or,
To Be Changed
In This Sea Of
Life
Full Of
Anxious Heart Beats?

Inert Intentions
And
Preposterous Plans
Bring
Monotony In Existence

And
Between Motion
And
Motive
Moves
Madness!

Life Moves
And
Yet Remains Static!
Miracles Meander
Only Through
The Window
Of
Possibilities!

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As Time Goes By!

As Time Flies
And
Memory Fades
Into The Background.
At Thirty One
Life Stops
For A While
Reflecting On The Gnawed Pages
Of Past
One Comes To A Halt
That -
Memory Needs Amnesia
I Like Richard Wagner
Because
I Do Not Understand
His Music
But -
"BE THE MUSIC WHILE IT LASTS "
I Love Chopin's Mazurka
And
Beethoven's Symphony.
There Is No Sense
Except
In Nonsense
The Beauty Of Smoking
Starts And Ends
With The First Act
Placing Cigarette Between The Lips
And
Lighting Its One End
All Else Is
Smoke
I Am Always The Last To Come Home
Through Lonely And Desserted Road
No Human, but, Dogs
Sitting And Brooding
Sideways
Middle
On The Road

Raindrops Falling
On The RoofTop
Serenading Its Joy
The Pain Of Remembering
Is
The Most Painful Act
The Last Time
Those Eyes
That I Had Searched
Had Some Language
To Convey, Probably
That -
O Gad!
I Never Wished
That Was Not
What I Meant At All
At Thirty One -
The World Is Too Much
And,
The Recurring Sounds
Is -
I Am The Loss
.....
I Am The Lost
.....

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Central Paralysis

There is no centre left now
Only peripheries and Margins
Yet we try to draw the circle
Can it be possible- circle sans centre.

We are always eager to break
The ties. We, the centrifugals
Seeking ever to move away
From family, country, duty, beauty.
And take pride; feel free.
In the name of freedom
We've broken ourselves too
Now our parts more valuable
Than our whole.

With this gulf- wide and deep
Can you connect anything?

Yesyes Why not!
I can connect one thing
Nothing with Nothing.
You shut up! The Eliotian rag!

Here are we and here is the Time
Now with the fall of the centre
Things could fit anywhere- left, right, up, down.
I can now connect anything with anything.

Yes That's right.

If won't believe, then look here: -

How the head has come down on the waist
And belly over that head. Just see it: -
How beautiful an achievement!
We call this "Modern Painting".

Take one human's ear, one goat's
One fox's eye, one of owl's

Now mix them up a few times
Then look-
Here the image of "Modern Man"

Sample-02
Just take plain-white-paper
And sprinkle the ink
After a while stop and think
Isn't the Modern Man about to sink?

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Day After Day: Day After Day

Again,
The same day with the same familiar smell
I have breathed for long.
When one day ends, another hurries.
Days are always in quick succession.
None waits even a second.
They are vying one another
To occupy my space.
As if one holds a promise
That others can't offer.
All want to affect something
That memory could carry forever.

I don't remember
If any day different from other.
Or had set a benchmark?
All seem to have the same
Shape and Shade, Texture and Trick.
Pushing and shoving one another
In hope of getting a better treatment.
Alas! That they never receive.
At last-
Tried, Tired, Tensed and Terrified
Terminated.
Again
The sundown and the hopeless Night.
Is there any space or scope left for
A SUNRISE?

Mrityunjay Jha

Haunting Hopes!

Birds fly
Wings tired
Yet,
Motion
And,
Movement intact!

From
One land to another
Goes-
The Journey
Of
Hope and Despair!

When
The Last Time
Saw
Smiles and Tears?

Life
Between
Morning and Evening
Full of Fears!

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Leaves Falling On The Road

Morning!

Leaves are falling

Scattered on the road.

Leaves are red but the road is black

Both have its own color

May be beauty too!

Black always attracts the red

OR

Red turns to the black

I don't know.

But it is so, or so it seems

.....

.....

Leaves in the arms of the tree

And life in the arms of the UNKNOWN

Are more gay.

But

Why then they want to fall?

I don't know.

But it is so, Or so it seems.

Mrityunjay Jha

Life, Love And Journey!

Roads That Bend
Clouds That Descend
Flowers That Bloom
Challenges That Loom

Each Has Its Mystery
Each Has Its Revelation
We All Become History
Full Of Strange Manifestation

You Came And Stay
You Gone And Still Stay

Love Always Has An Unusual Pattern
It Knocks The Door
When Empty Is The Inside
And, Unprepared The Dweller

Love Always Surprises
After Night The Sun Rises
And
The Wind Blows
Everything That Has Life
Glow.

Roads and Clouds and Flowers and Winds and Love
Are
All
In The Journey.

.....

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Life, Time And Journey.

Time Flies.
Life Too!
I prefer
Though,
A No-Fly-Zone!

There are moments in life
When our life keeps moving
Yet,
We remain stayed
Somewhere
At A Point
Reactionless
Responseless
Relentless!
As if we are transfixed!

Emotion becomes emotionless.
Surprises cease to surprise!
Living, yet Not Living
Dying, yet Not Dead.

Even a smile
Takes lots of efforts
To come over our Face!

And,

Life
Never
Rewards
A Smile
With
A Smile!

The Race between
Time and our Life goes
On and On and On.
But,

Without any Conclusion,
Our Journey remains
stuck
Midway!

Mrityunjay Jha

Life: -Speech, Silence, Pause Without Peace

Our life is a long conversation-
Mostly with our own selves.
And this conversation consist: -
Much Silences.
Much sobs.
A little speech.
A lot pauses.
A few voices
Inside and out
Meant for the affirmation-
That some air moves
In and Out
We must not confuse thus;
The silence with the peace
That we never have.

Mrityunjay Jha

Life-Beats!

The
Repetitive Rhythm
Of
Daily Life
Beating With Its Customary
Notes:
Discordant Yet Distinctive
And
The
Lurking Longings
For
Solitude & Satisfaction
Are
Forever
At War!

A
Man Is But A Pattern
Of
Mundane Details
All His Life.

In
The Beginning
He Desires To
Create A History
Full Of
Unique Instances!
Alas!
The Result
In The End
Yields Otherwise
And,
He Becomes
A Victim
Of That History
So Carefully Woven!

Is

Life
(As They Say —)
Everything
Except
For Living?

Mrityunjay Jha

Love: A Pretty Nonsense.

Love
Is Like A Brief-Candle
Flicker! Flicker!
And
Die.

Leaving its ashes in the Eye
Moisture gone: What remains is Dry.
Even Tears bid Goodbye!

Reflections come and go in the Eye
Forming Images of Remorse and Sigh.

Poor Heart Still Wants To Cry
Clever Practical Mind Reply: -
Don't Give it Any Try!

After Many Handshakes And One Goodbye
Love Is Meant To Die.
Love Is Meant To Die.

Mrityunjay Jha

Memory And Desire.

With the passage of Time
Things start to appear in defferent
Shades and Shadows.
Yet There remains
Some Things and A few People
With the same
Echo And Essence!

Memory is not only
What happened to us
It is also
What ought to have happened.

A man
Forgets
Nothing
Ever.
Our Desires
Move both ways
Mostly Towards our Past.
And Life
Is a Battleground
Memory Versus Desire.

My life shuttles between
Memory And Desire
One is Wounded
Other Bruised.

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SAMASTIPUR

Mrityunjay Jha

New World Order!

The Blocks of Power Shifting With Rapid Pace/
Taking Newer Agenda/
Alluring Players of Political Order/
Charting Course of Action/
Full of Divisive Import/
By Pushing The Boundaries of Nations/
One After The Other/

The World Seemed A Place For Peace/
When The Cold War Ended/
With A Hope For Future Fraternity Amid Nations/
That Hope Was So Short/
As It Later Appeared/
The Pattern of Peace/
Is Always So Delicate/
The Waves of War/
Forever Exciting/
Humanity, /
Might Be A Misnomer Today/
And, /
The Concept of Power/
Losing Proper Purpose/

Alas! /
Today/
Those Who Have Power/
Can't Lead/
And, /
Those Who Want To Lead/
Have No Power! /

.....

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No Mind Just Skull

One room
One window
One door
One man
No WOMAN
One table
One chair
Several books
Several magazines
Several newspapers
Several mosquitoes
Several insects
Several sittings
Several thinking
But one result
Just one
Only one
I AM A HUMAN BEING

“Is it so! You liar, how come this!
It is not so simple to yield such result.
How could you then jumped the gun?
Do more thinking- you soundless skull.”
Well, I keep one skull
On my table lying front
And I meditate over it.
Only one skull could talk to another one.

“What you got this time?
Are you still a human-being?
What result now! - you headless chicken”
Yes I got the result.
The second result; this second time.
I’m skull and love skull.

“Go ahead- You Thinking Ape”
Well, I hammered the skull
It didn’t break-so strong!
It’s hard and totally unbreakable.

I'm proud of my skull
Hey! It does not change
Ah! What a joy!
I found stability in my skull.
What I pride
That must I ride.
Oh! If the skull were a horse.....
ThenI.....must.....

"Then you must not play polo
Your bones are sans cartilage
It would crack and you may die....."

Who you Idiot! Always speaking to me?
When I see I find none but me.
Are you a voice so invisible!
".....you Garbage-head, you senile!
Didn't you recognize me!

Your meninges not good
Hey! You the Blind & Deaf!
Didn't you see and sense....."
Noabsolutely no.....who? ...
"....I am your skull speaking
His Excellency....."
O! Really, is that you?
Yup! I'm happy to find my skull.

Mrityunjay Jha

O Death! Thou Not Be Proud

What?

.....

.....

DEATH!

Oh! There is no death for us

We've conquered it

Never fear Death

Death dares not come

We never die.

Just a little Transmutation: -

From A Man to A Beast

Mrityunjay Jha

People, Power And Politics!

Every Dawn
Hope Springs
Only To Falter
As The Sun Gets Hotter
And
With
The Stroke Of Dusk
It Dies!

The
Interplay Of
Politics And Power
Intoxicates
People
Beyond Recovery.

The
Mounting Piles
Of
Problems
And
The
Countless Promises
Intersect
Nowhere!

The Rulers
And
The Ruled
Inhabit
Seemingly
Different Planets!

Still
Every Dawn

The Illusion
That Shows The Door
Of Democracy Ajar
Floats!

In
The
Corridors Of Power
Live And Thrive
The Elements Of
Surprise!

Power
Paralyses
One And All
In The End of The Day!

Mrityunjay Jha

Rain In Summer!

The First Rain In Summer/
Is Visible So Loud/
One Can Almost Hold It Forever/
Unto One's Innermost Core/
Keeping The Heat of Summer/
Spineless! /
Raindrops Falling On The Petals/
Of Flowers Lotus, Rose and All/
Magnify The Beauty, Bliss and
Blessings/
So Much Inherent In Nature/
Human Soul Can't Have Them
Enough! /
The Harbinger of Music And
Memory, Dance And Delight/
The Rain In Summer/
Always A Welcoming Guest/
Rekindling Hope In The Land of/
Dreariness, Desert and Despair! /

Mrityunjay Jha

Random Musing!

The Waves Lashing The Shore/
Fishermen Mourning The Scant Catch/
The Rain-God Playing Hide-n-Seek/
The Met-office Predicting Ominous Things/
Nature Laughing At Human Follies! /
.....(II)

Life Oscillates Between
Memory And Amnesia Intensity Of Our
Intentions
Judged Via The Prism
of Recollections.
Memory Is Not Only
What Has Happened
It Also Is
What Might Have!
Time Is A
Reckless Mentor Enlightening Us
When The Need Is Over.

.....(III)

The Silence Of The Words/ That
You Often Ignore/ Under The Spell
Of Speech/ That They Carry, / Is The
Loudest! / Echoing Even After The
Spell Is Merely Spelling/.

.....(IV)

Living Is Forgetting/
And,
Life-/
An Intricate Interplay of /
Hope And Despair./
And,
Love-/
Is Truth/
Or,
Just A Universal Myth! /.

Mrityunjay Jha

Refugee Camps

I don't know why I am here!
Or when I came here.
They say I was in womb
And big stuffed carriers carried
So many people: my mom was one such.
From the places where people used to live
Now a vast approaching Graveyard
To this place where no people lived
Now a make-believe clusters of homes.
Humanity is really a strange phenomenon.
Some people busy in shelling bombs
A few are distributing breads.
Charity begins on the heaps of grave
War and destruction: PRIME MOTIVE.
CHARITY: ONLY AN AFTERTHOUGHT.
PLUNDERING HAPPINESS.
REHABILITATING SORROW AND SADNESS.
WE SEEM TO APPRECIATE
OUR COLLECTIVE MADNESS.

Mrityunjay Jha

Shades And Shadow!

Shadow In The Dark
And
Naked In The Light
Are
Impossible To Encounter.

Real And Unreal
Racing
Always
Against The Time-
Hypothetical
And
The Life-
Hypocritical!

Light
Laden With
Views:
Partial And Prejudiced
And
Darkness
Leads Us Away
From The Truth -
We Are Often Told!

But,
At Times,
More Scope Lies In The Dark
For
Reflections And Revelations!

What Light Can't Show
Darkness Manifest.

Should We Not

Thus
Preserve
Some Ounces Of Darkness
In The Light Of Life-
Measured
In Terms Of
Loving
Living
And
Leaving!

Mrityunjay Jha

Silence In Winter!

The Usual Chirpings
Of Birds
Become Far and Few.
Leaves' Color Faints.
Flowers Hesitate To Open Petals
Full and Wide.
Dewdrops Moisten
The Air.
Mist Weaves A Veil
From Earth To Sky.
The Winter Stamps
Its Signature.

.....(II)

.....

Mercury
Dips
Rather Kind
Here!
Unlike Elsewhere-
Cold and Ice
Chill and Snow
Envelop Such
As If
The World Has Its End
Then and There.

.....(III)

.....

Men and Women
Body and Soul
Love and Longing
Beauty and Bliss
All
Stand Still
For The Time Being
And,
There
Is
Silence
And

Silence
And
Silence! .

Mrityunjay Jha

Soundless Splashes

This is a small town
Where a road begins and ends
Within a space of nothing.
And where the chances are that
You run into yourself
So often, quick and soon
That the sense of wonder of life
Dissolves. In the repetitive rhythm of life
Without making even a single splash.

Mrityunjay Jha

Sports Mania

Who is he that drinks and dances?
The Reveler, the Fool!
Let's go and catch him.
He must be for the Victor-team.
See! How he is enjoying-
Throwing the beer all around and
Gulping champagne himself.
Boozing in and boozing out-
The lunatics of success!
Let's teach him a lesson or two.

Clutch him fast.
He – The selfish Giant, The Waste!
Not knowing!
That our team won five such Trophies-
For the last year after year.
What if we lost this time?

Let's go and clasp his hands
Pull his ears.
The Maniac, The showy cat!

Bring him here
Let me strike ten straight goals
Into his chest. And
He would quickly feel
What is a Win and what's Defeat?

Hey! You the Humbug
Get lost from here-
Or else you will be lost.
Sports is not a circus-
That you are doing right now.
Let sports end in the stadium.
If you bring it out again-
I swear! You won't have any gain.

So don't play the spoilsport-
Once the game is over.

Sport is a pure Delight
That pushes us to dizzy Height.
And we take such colorful Flight
That unfortunately ends in Fight.
A sport is just the Time Bright.
That helps us escape our Plight.
Why we always up to ruin this Sight?
□

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Symphony Of Life

Voices within and voices without
Each disrupting the other.
Sometimes in silence,
Loud and clear the next time.
And reaching at the conclusion remains
A distant drum-beat.
The more attempts made to grasp its notes
The more discordant it appears.
Life has the only breathing-space left
The mid-point or the intersection
Of voices: within and without
Each disrupting the other
And the music is born
Devoid of harmony, but eternal in nature
We call it-
Noise –The symphony of life.

Mrityunjay Jha

Taming Time

TIME & I

.....or.....

I & TIME

This confuses me-

Always. And the more

I try, the more lapsed I become-

In the ever increasing Mire

And the Mystery: -

What's TIME.....?

Who's TIME.....?

The puzzle overwhelm me

And I fail to catch the Time-

TIME- The Great Elusive!

TIME- The Greatest Illusion!

.....

.....

But I am very much clear

About the one Aspect of TIME-

That- time scares me

YEAR by Year.....

MONTH by Month.....

WEEK by Week.....

DAY by Day.....

MOMENT by Moment.....

Why this be so.....?

Isn't it true-

That we've created TIME.....?

And now it scares us!

Always chasing.....

I always hear at my back.....

Also, at my front-

The TIME's Winged-Chariot coming near.....

This is the Fraud complete

The thing we created has Deception Replete.

TIME proved The Frankenstein Monster-

Always Devouring the Creator.

Therefore: -
We must tame the Time
And liberate ourselves from its grip
Complete Joy demands complete Freedom.
So- we can never feel joy. And
We can never have peace
Unless we tame THE TIME.

Let's take a pledge: -
We won't create anything-
That would prove fatal for us.
Let's Resolve
Firm & Fast-
That we never again be
So stupid. And
Always be prudent in procreation.

TIME, Time Forbid, would never Exist.....

Mrityunjay Jha

The Self And The Story: Lost And Found

Am I a failure?
Why can't I figure out myself?
In my story?
This is my story-No doubt.
But when I search myself in it-
I fail to find.
Isn't it pitiable? And deplorable too?
My story and not me!

"Don't be upset dear story-writer.
.....story and characters in it,
Are quite apart these days.....
It is not pitiable.....the Fashion
.....story without characters....."

Wellthat I do agree.
If I get lost in the story
I must find others story.
Characters may differ
The story remains the same.
".....yes dear.....Now you are on track
.....go ahead.....search
For other's story.....our
Stories remain stagnant.....
But we keep changing.....
One Mask.....Two.....Three.....so on
We all are one character.....
Ever keep failing in the story.....
.....Well.....just move and seek.....
Just seek and find....."
Let's go for other's story-
An old woman.....sitting on
A cot.....An Indian village.

Why she looks dismal and dim?
Does she cut a figure of note?
Can there be a story of her?
".....yes.....Why not?
Every life is a story in itself and everyone a narrator.

.....so go to her and ask her story.....”

Dear old lady,
why are you sad?

My boy,
I've been like this for long.
How could an old lady do a song?
In fact I am not sad.
I am just meditating upon-
My Time and Tide.
Two years back my son went to a city-
To earn and to buy my medicine
But he never returned.
No Return. No Medicine.
I have no one to look after me.
I `m all alone now.
I used to toil and boil.
But now my bones ache.
Let me die for my sake.
It's better to die than living and waiting on others mercy.

.....
Who cares whom?

.....
And patience has its boundary.

.....
Everything gone.....so.....

To prayers.....to prayers.

Oh!I'm sick.....

O dear life! Stop my breath.

.....
Who cares whom?

So.....let me die.....

I, thus, heard her story.

I felt pathetic.

I must have helped her.

Could not I have.....?

No. I can't.....we can't.....

Who can't even help himself-?

How he can others.

NICE EXCUSE.

This is not a single piece.

Such stories.....

All bound.....

All around.....

The story of humanity or lack of it

Is-

EVERLASTING.

ENDLESS.

EVER FIXED.

“Is this a tragedy then? ”

No. Absolutely not. Rather,

Ours a FARCE.

Since tragedy presupposes some Dignity.

And we have none.

“How long these miseries go?”

Have you seen the magician?

The Holy Man.....The Soothsayer.

Find him, he could change all.

All shall be happy, all be gay.

But this is only the month of May.

What do you think? What do you say?

.....

If winter comes.....

“.....well.....then it would stay.....”

Why so?where the other one?

“.....spring does not visit this part of our Universe.

.....Here.....A strange clock.....

WHEN WINTER ENDS; SUMMER BEGINS.

.....Here.....

NO SPRING.....NEVER SPRING “

Well, that I can see.....yes I can.....

And can say-

We can't mourn this loss. Since.....

WE'VE KILLED THE SPRING.

The World Is As It Is!

The World Is As It Is
An Unaccustomed Place!

Birds Fly
Dogs Bark
The Sun Rises
The Moon Glows
The Sky still Blue.

Child Cries
But, Mother gives no milk.
Doctor no sympathy.
And, Dies!

The Gun Is In Its Glory
Camps Stuffed.
Men In Power have no Shame!
Still busy in Talks, Tanks and Tyranny.

On Sundays
Children in parks and play
Grown-ups say that Old Prayer
Valuable, Yet Useless,
For
Humans forget
How to relate
Prayers With Parleys!

Time
Divided
Between
Twitter
And
Facebook.
With a few fingers
Up and Down
The World Comes Around!

Life Beams with meaning

When The Focus Remains between:
Tahrir-Square To Time-Square
Via
Zuccotti-Park!

Democracy Deprives!
Rich Riches
Poor Perishes.
The Gap
Is The Only Map
Widening.
Nothing Changes besides.

The World Is As It Is-
An Unaccustomed Place!

Mrityunjay Jha

War And Peace

Strange is this world
Strange are we.
We do things that we detest
When we gain consciousness
Albeit such moments are rarity
One such perennial task
That we keep doing
And deriving peculiar pleasure
Is: -
"WAR".
The ultimate prized possession here
Is: -
One's track record in waging war.
No matter whether you lose or win
And the truth remains unaltered
That in war nobody ever wins.
What could be more cynical
Than reveling in our defeats!
A subtle boasting continues: -
Look-
We invaded
We waged
We won (almost)
The first act is done
So just a little respite effected.
We now negotiate
Have sent our trusted missionaries.
Known for their untiring zeal
For effecting peace.
.....
.....
The most difficult sanctioned job
On this planet is: -
(Brokering peace)
These peaceniks are a different lot
Totally incomparable.
Totally incomprehensible.
Though giving impression-
That they've never-say-die attitude.

But reality pictures otherwise
As is always the case-
Reality is always contradictory
Hence these peaceniks are-
Very helpless fellows.
A peculiar breed of a precarious time.
After donning the garb of peace
They proceed-
To sell peace
In the market
By persuading around the tables
They are desperate: -
Always hard selling the peace.
But,
In the market there is no such scope
Nobody buys peace these days.
In our market, peace has become
An obsolete thing
Completely out of- sync.
Peace has tumbled out of fashion
And the sellers fail the test
Returns back with fake assurances
A fake face, a lonely look
A vain victory, a polluting pause.
But despite all these: -
Kudos to such men-
For them-
Hope still matters.
Resolution still relevant.

.....
Peace, thus is not-
The cessation of war
Or termination of it.
Rather –
We have made
Peace-
A comic-relief
Between the two or several
Acts of war.
Today,
Peace is nothing more
Except

A POPCORN-INTERVAL
Just to refresh and ready
Since the next episode
Would start soon.

Mrityunjay Jha

War, Death And Shadow!

Death not foreshadowed
for
Death and Shadow
Are One:
Both Surprise
And,
Shatter
All Illusions of Eternity!
And,
WAR?
An Interlude
Between
The Dying
and
The Dead.

Bleed Not
Eyes
Tears still Most Holy!
The Muted Eyes and The Gazing Mouths
And,
The Numbed Minds
Shall never go in vain!
The Crying Soul
The Beatless Heart
Are
Curses
Chasing
The Wolves and Hyenas
To Their Graves!

Every Beginning
Keeps
The seeds of an Ending
Deep
Dormant
Inside!

War

Blurs
All Distinctions
And,
Differences!
End and Beginning
Seems
One and The Same!

War: A Great Leveler
For
It makes
Every Voice
Dying!

Alas!
NO ONE SEES THE END OF WAR
EXCEPT
THE DEAD..

16'FEBRUARY,2012.
SAMASTIPUR
BIHAR, INDIA.

Mrityunjay Jha

We- The Small Boats

What's the news?

".....why not read yourself?"

Oh no!I can't

My eyes are hurting plus

I am fed up with this crap.

".....okay.....then listen-

The last survivor of TITANIC DIED....."

Which titanic it talks of?

The one that sank in 1912.....or

Some other.....

".....well, of course.....TITANIC.....1912....."

Is it matter so grave.....

To merit a Front-News.....?

One ship sank and such.....

Everlasting Churning!

Uh! It has become an industry.....

Yesterday the news was-

.....the last survivor of HOLOCAUST

.....a day before-

.....the last.....SECOND-WORLD-WAR.....

.....and so on goes the news.....

Why we are quick fixed with the past?

The Myriad Memories and Mementos.....

"....yeah.....Hey! Now you got....."

Oh! No.....I didn't get anything.....

I can'tI'm perturbed.

What about the other ships-

That goes on sinking every day.

What about those who struggle to survive?

Or those who perish here every day

In order to survive.....?

But for these people.....

NO CONCERN.....NO NEWS.

Ours are small Boats-

Incapable to sail in stormy sea.

It fights the Tide

But fails the Bank.
And we don't have a Grey-
So who would mourn us?

Therefore: -
Let's go.....let's move
And be silent.
Let's compose our Dirge.
And prepare the Pyre.
.....

There goes up the Fire!

This we not see.
The present we fear to face.
And, thus always coiled in the Past.

Our memory is damn crippled
We can't even recognize our faces.
And what we see is-
A Mask - A Persona - A Façade.
What is the SELF?
 We can't see.
What we see is-
 Merely the SHADOW.

Mrityunjay Jha

Winter And Spring.

Winter

Approaches its Dirge

Snowflakes

Crumble and Disappear

Leaving Behind

Memories

Frosty and Cold.

The Sun

Rises warmer and sharper

Light

Rays through windowpanes

It looks weird

And,

Sinful

Laying on bed late!

Winter

Proved Waste

With

Goals still far and furious

Is

The Conversation

Revolving

Around

The Memories of Failure

And,

The Prospect of Future

Bleak!

Spring

More Imagination: -

The Stuff of Poetry!

And,

Time

Is

Antithesis

To

Hopes

Left Floating
Endless!

8'FEB.2012.
SAMASTIPUR
BIHAR, INDIA.

Mrityunjay Jha